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OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

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Criticism.

PHRENOLOGY.

"Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him."—HAMLET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I presume we are to have as warm a discussion on phrenology, as we had some time ago on ghostology; but if the supporters of that "fantastical science" fare no better than the believers in ghostly spectres, I tremble for the longevity of phrenology, and fear that the professors thereof have also reason to tremble for the well-being of their favourite "cunningly devised fable." I perceive *A Phrenologist* has, with a "little testy and ill humour," endeavoured to clear this noble science of bumps or protrusions from the odium which one *Amicus Justitiæ* has thrown upon it, by giving it the whimsical cognomination of "*Bumpology*." Now, I cannot perceive why that writer had not as much authority for the new appellation, as some of the fanciful projectors of phrenology had to dispense with its original name, *Craniology*. I am much astonished that *A Phrenologist*, or any other person, should create arguments for his own refutation;—for to show the reader the vastness of his anatomical learning, he asserts that "each toe and finger do not send a separate nerve to the brain;" but, in the name of common sense, who ever said they did? I cannot find the least allusion to such an argument made in *A Lover of Justice's* letter. Surely this phrenologist fights with the shadow, or rather the *ghost* of his departing science—"bumpology." I cry you mercy, Mr. Editor, but the term is so novel and expressive, that its usage is quite admissible. *Amicus*, on the contrary, reasoned on the phrenologist's own grounds, and took the chain of reasoning adopted by Mr. Combe, who says, "because we have two eyes, two ears, &c. we have also two organs of tune, two of wit," &c. I think, Sir, on second consideration, that *Amicus Justitiæ* ought rather to be commended, than contradicted, in his suggestion for an additional subdivision of the organs; as, phrenologically speaking, the greater multiplicity of organs, the more simplified is the science! Now *Amicus* proceeds to say, "because (mark, reader, mark!) we have two hands, we have likewise two organs of combativeness." Is not this *à la* Combe? But to proceed,—he further says, "And because (Mr. C.'s reasoning) we have five fingers on each hand, we have also ten degrees or subdivisions of combativeness!" Is this ridiculous *à la phrenologie*? Certainly not; and whatever ridicule it may receive from reasonable and reflecting beings, that is another question: it is, as it stands, pure and unadulterated phrenological argument, because it is an inevitable conclusion from their own admitted premises.

But the grand point at issue is, the influence of education on the mind. If *Amicus Justitiæ* cannot defend his point, phrenology is indisputably true; but, if education be the all-powerful recipe which it really seems, and is said to be, phrenology is in a perilous condition, as Touchstone says of the clown. I perceive with no small degree of surprise that *A Phrenologist* asserts that his science admits the due influence of education on the mind; therefore, the plain reasoning consequent upon such an admission is, that both parties admit the mind to be a principle subservient to maxims and examples, and capable of being expanded in its faculties, retarded or impelled in its propensities, refined or kept coarse, enraged or mollified; *ergo*, the mind is a principle, guided and directed by certain maxims and examples, and education is these maxims and examples; and, as any maxim or example which can influence the mind, and consequently the actions of man, dispenses with phrenology, it follows that education is incongruous to phrenology: and how it is possible, in the nature of things, that it could be otherwise? As education is variable, men daily and hourly change—nay, one part of life is spent very frequently so diametrically opposite to the other, that people are said to be new creatures, new beings, &c.; inclinations vary by habit, application, &c.; passions are curbed by reason, soothed by association and reflection; vice itself becomes hideous and ungracious by the instruction and practice of virtue; but *bumps* are stationary, and do not rise and fall as the tide, surely, to demonstrate the egress and ingress of principle and propensity: protuberances are perpetual, and indicative of their own end and aim, of their nature and destiny; so that a man having one organ conspicuously, cannot, consistently, be said to be capable of living as if he had no organ at all, because it would make the organ null and void. I trust your correspondent *Amicus Justitiæ*, will, himself, advocate his own cause, and that of every anti-phrenologist, like yours, &c. L.

August 10, 1826.

A Phrenologist talks of *crutches*; let him beware of getting lame over some of these bumps, when he may find a crutch from the storehouse of common sense an excellent assistant in making an escape from the labyrinths of bumpology!

Men and Manners.

THE PARISH CLERK.

NO. II.

THE CURATE.

In the north aisle of —— Church there is a small marble tablet which records the virtues and perfections of the Rev. Alfred Corsar, who died August 24th, 1794, aged twenty-nine years. The singular occurrence which produced the death of this young clergyman, Nehemiah was fond of relating; and soon after he gave me the account of his own love adventures, he gratified me with the following narrative:—

After I had been clerk of this church about ten years, (said Nehemiah) the then rector became too old and feeble to fulfil his clerical duties, and a curate was engaged to assist him; that curate was the Rev. Alfred Corsar, and a more worthy or pious minister never preached in —— Church. At his first introduction he won the hearts of all by the kindness and cheerfulness of his manners, and by the fervency and devotion with which he performed the duties of his office; but his career was short and fleeting, and before he had been long with us, an event occurred which blasted his future hopes, and laid him in an untimely grave.

Amongst the female part of the congregation was a young lady named Louisa Mordaunt, the daughter of a gentleman in easy circumstances, who was at that time filling the office of churchwarden: it was not long before Alfred Corsar was introduced to her, and his visits to her father's house became very frequent; a strong affection arose in his breast, and Louisa Mordaunt was its object; but he never had the courage to avow his love, nor, in truth, did the conduct of Miss Mordaunt give him the least encouragement, so that he continued to cherish a passion as hopeless as it was fervent, without daring to proclaim it to the world. I had some suspicions of his feelings from his frequent inquiries respecting Miss Mordaunt, and I was soon dreadfully convinced of the truth of my surmises, and the extent of his love.

I was sitting one evening enjoying my usual beverage at the Griffin, when I received a message to attend at the church. I went, and found a stranger waiting, who informed me that he intended to be married on the following morning, having obtained a license from the rector for that purpose; of course I acquiesced, and inquired the name of the lady;—it was Louisa Mordaunt! I was much surprised at this, as I had never before heard of Miss Mordaunt having a lover; but I afterwards learned that the gentleman who now addressed me, had long been her admirer, though living at a distance: their courtship had been carried on by letters, until her lover found himself in a situation to claim her as his bride, when she readily consented to bestow her hand where she had already bestowed her heart, only stipulating that the marriage ceremony should be performed in —— Church. Having assured the stranger that every thing should be prepared for the ceremony, he left the church, and I proceeded to inform Mr. Corsar that his services would be required on the following morning. On being introduced I told him my errand. "Well, Nehemiah, (said he) and who is the lady?" I mentioned Louisa Mordaunt. Never shall I forget his look at that moment; it was one of fixed despair, and he seemed as if his faculties were suspended, and his frame whithered by some sudden visitation of Heaven. At length, by an effort almost superhuman, he recovered, and, waving his hand, said, "Go, go; I will attend." I left him, deeply commiserating his situation, as I now found he indeed loved Louisa Mordaunt. On the following morning I proceeded to the church at the hour appointed, and on entering the vestry I found Mr. Corsar there, but the wedding party had not arrived. Mr. Corsar was standing near the window, absorbed in reverie; he looked dreadfully pale, and his eyes had a wildness quite unusual. When he was aware of my presence, he requested me to hand him a glass of wine, which he drank with frightful eagerness; he requested another, which he drank with the same rapidity, and then sunk on a seat quite exhausted. To my inquiries he returned no answer, but pressed his hand violently to his forehead. At length the wedding party arrived at the church, and after the necessary preliminaries, ranged themselves in order for the ceremony: the curate left the vestry without speaking, and with a slow and faultering step entered the altar: he then commenced the service; the exordium he

gave with sublime effect, as if he expected his words would conjure up some impediment to the marriage, and when he arrived at that part which says, "If any man can show just cause of impediment why these persons may not be lawfully joined together in holy wedlock, let him now speak," he paused, and gazed around with a look of eager expectation; but no answer being returned, he was compelled to proceed; yet he seemed to cling to the remainder of the passage with hopeless tenacity, giving the conclusion with a sublime and almost terrific energy. The party assembled were astonished, and gazed on each other with speechless amazement, not knowing what to make of so strange conduct of the minister. At length he asked the bridegroom the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" &c. to which, of course, the answer was, "I will."

A pause then ensued, during which Mr. Corsar seemed to be summoning all his energies for the next interrogation; he retreated some steps backwards, and then hastily advancing, put the question to Louisa Mordaunt. The horrid calmness of his tones was appalling; and when he had finished the interrogation, he stood with a look of the most intense interest and agony, expecting her answer; but his suspense was short, for the silver voice of Louisa Mordaunt soon returned for answer, "I will." No sooner had she pronounced these words, than the curate, giving a convulsive shudder, fell senseless on the altar. All was now confusion,—the ceremony was not half finished, and the minister was lying senseless; every means was used to recover him, but for some time without effect. At length he slowly opened his eyes, and the first object he saw was Louisa Mordaunt, bending over him, her looks expressive of the utmost compassion for his situation. This had almost again plunged him into forgetfulness, and it was only by a very strong effort that he succeeded in raising himself: he then, by great exertions, succeeded in finishing the ceremony, at the end of which he again became senseless, and was in this state conveyed home.

He did not long survive the marriage of Louisa Mordaunt, but soon after died the victim of that worst of all diseases—a broken heart. Louisa Mordaunt lived long and happily with him whom she made her husband, nor did she ever surmise the dreadful effect her marriage had upon the Rev. Alfred Corsar.

Manchester. J. H.

Miscellanies.

BULLS OF GENIUS.

[*From the Literary Magnet.*]

The lively Miss Edgeworth has written a pleasant volume on Irish bulls, and we have seen some pretty considerable blunders attributed to English footmen, and members of the less refined classes of society, in this country, by other writers; but it never seems to have occurred to matter-of-fact people, that a poet and man of genius is almost as apt to perpetrate BULLS as the most stolid clod-hopper that ever blundered forth three parts of the message which may have been entrusted to his treacherous recollection. The following samples are a few of the many specimens of the genuine English bull committed by the more refined class of inadvertents, which have fallen under our observation. At some future opportunity we purpose laying before our readers some specimens of this figure of speech from the writings of more modern *literati*. It is curious to find the great colossus of literature, who was so exceedingly severe in noticing the verbal inaccuracies of his predecessors, rivalling them all in the absurdity of his bulls.

SPENSER.

The woods were heard to wail full many a *sigh*,
And all the birds with *silence* to *complain*.

COWLEY.

Silence and *horror* fill the place around,
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the *sound*.

COWLEY.

Then down I laid my *head*,
Down on cold earth; *and for a while was dead*.
A Scottish fool, *said I*.

MILTON.

But now *lead on*,
In me is no delay; with thee *to go*
Is to stay here.

MILTON.

The deeds themselves, though *mute*, *spoke loud* the doer.

MILTON.

Who will tempt with *wandering feet*,
The dark, *unbottomed*, infinite abyss,
Or through the *palpable obscure*, find out
His uncouth way!

SHAKSPEARE.

I will strive with things *impossible*,
Yea, *get the better of them*.

DR. JOHNSON.

Turn from the glittering bribe your scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold *what gold can never buy*.

DR. JOHNSON.

Nor yet perceived the vital spirit fled,
But still fought on, *nor knew that he was dead*.

DR. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has not only *shown* human nature as it is, but as it would be found *in situations to which it cannot be exposed*.

DR. JOHNSON.

These observations were made *by favour of a contrary wind*.
The Scottish dialect is likely to become, in half a century, *provincial even to themselves*.

DR. JOHNSON.

Every monumental inscription should be in Latin; for that being a *dead* language, will always *live*.

DRYDEN.

Obey'd as sovereigns by thy subjects be;
But know that *I alone am king of me*.

DRYDEN.

A horrid *silence* first *invades the ear*.

POPE.

When first young Maro, in his noble mind,
A work *t'outlast immortal Rome design'd*.

POPE.

Eight callow *infants* fill'd the mossy nest,
Herself the ninth.

THOMSON.

He saw her charming, but he *saw not half*
The charms her downcast modesty *conceal'd*.

HOME.

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And *inaccessible*, by *shepherds trod*.

HOME.

The river rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a *stilly sound*.

TRIP ROUND THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND,

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, STEAM-SHIP.

(Abridged from a letter in the Edinburgh Courant.)

Greenock presented a scene of great bustle and activity. In addition to the stir occasioned by the arrival of several large West India ships, the number of persons who had flocked from various parts of the country to see the United Kingdom, and the arrival of the numerous steam-boats of the Clyde with passengers and parties of pleasure, all contributed to make the first trip of this magnificent vessel an event of great general interest. Having secured a good birth in the principal sleeping cabin, I commenced an examination of the other apartments, and do not remember ever to have been more astonished or gratified. The extent and quality of the accommodation afforded to passengers, and the general style of splendid elegance, combining comfort and utility, which every part of the ship exhibits, must, I think, render the United Kingdom an object of great curiosity to every one interested in the progress of steam navigation. The length of the vessel is 175 feet; her breadth 45 feet. She has two engines of 100-horse power each, and the number of beds which can easily be made up for passengers is about 150.

The hour appointed for sailing was five o'clock, and the vessel was nearly ready for sea at that hour. The scene on the quay of Greenock and around the vessel had now become most interesting. Thousands of people lined the shores, and six or seven steamers crowded with ladies and gentlemen, sailed round their more majestic mother—the United Kingdom appearing as the *hen*, and the cock-boat steamers like her *chickens*. At length a gun was fired, and the anchor being a-trip, another, the signal for "setting on," a steam phrase for sailing. The last gun was answered by several from the shore, and the pleasure yachts around us, and amid general cheering from the shore, answered from the vessel, at 7 o'clock p. m. the United Kingdom commenced her adventurous career. All the way along the bank of the river from Greenock to below Gourock, mutual cheering took place between the people on shore and those on deck, and various salutes were fired from guns placed at different stations on land. We passed over the precise spot where the Comet was run down by the Ayr. The wreck of the unfortunate little vessel, the first steam-boat on the Clyde, was observed on the beach. At half-past 8 tea was announced, and the grand saloon presented a sight seldom or never before witnessed at sea. Upwards of 120 passengers were seated at the different tables in the room, and all were equally well and comfortably accommodated. The tea service is of beautiful China, with plates, &c. to correspond. There was no scrambling nor bawling, but every thing went on in the most smooth and quiet manner. After a few short visits to the deck, which the wind and rain had rendered rather uncomfortable, preparations for bed commenced, and in the course of an hour the hum and bustle of the ship had sunk into stillness and repose. I had before remarked the uncommon "sweetness" of the movements of the engines, and when in bed I was more fully satisfied of their admirable construction. The unpleasant tremor and periodical stroke, which shakes most steam vessels, were scarcely perceptible when the ear was close upon the pillow, and this being the position when the noise is most easily heard and most annoying, it is almost unnecessary to remark that good sound sleep was generally enjoyed. In spite of the wind being directly a-head, and the tide during the greater part of the night adverse, we found ourselves about four on Sunday morning close under the precipitous promontory of the Mull of Cantyre. We encountered a very heavy swell off this the most southerly point of our voyage, but the United Kingdom here proved itself a most excellent sea-boat, and went steadily onward at a rate not short of ten knots an hour. The wind and swell as we neared Islay, moderated, but the rain, unfortunately, poured in torrents. Those who ventured, towards the forenoon, on deck, were gratified with a sight of the celebrated "Paps of Jura," and it was expected by some, had the weather been more favourable, that we might have ventured near the northern point of Islay, and obtained a glimpse of the famous whirlpools of Corryvrechan. As it was, this could not be accomplished, and we now stood straight for the Sound of Mull. You no doubt remember Washington Irving's description of a wet Sunday in a country inn; but that picture, deplorable though it be, is nothing to a wet day at sea. This tedium, however, was relieved in a most unexpected and most appropriate manner; the Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Erskine, a gentleman universally respected among his brethren, and celebrated for his skill in pulmonary complaints, was asked to perform divine worship in the course of the day. The Reverend Gentleman immediately assented, and the bell having been rung at one o'clock, the whole of the passengers assembled in the principal cabin. After an appropriate prayer, he delivered a most energetic and interesting discourse from the text, "Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts." I know not whether it was the impressive nature of the sermon itself, or the novelty of the situation, but sure am I that the truths of the blessed gospel have seldom been more devoutly listened to, or devotional feeling more keenly awakened. At two o'clock we entered the Sound of Mull, a narrow passage between that island and the main land. As the clouds passed away we caught occasional glimpses of the bright green glades of Mull on the one side, and the more classical and romantic hills of Morven on the other. Nor did the latter lose much of their interest or sublimity because "the mists were on the hills of Morven!" and the wind sighed o'er the grassy mound where slumber the ashes of our fathers!" The castle of Ardtornish, the ancient seat of the Lord of the Isles, and the spot where the poem of that name is laid, is situated on a romantic promontory on the Morven side of the sound. The castle is in ruins; but at one time it must have been a place of prodigious strength. We anchored off the village of Tobermory at four o'clock, having run about 240 miles, with the wind unfavourable the whole way, in 21 hours. The dinner was a most plentiful one. The liquors provided were excellent of their kind, Champagne, Claret, Madeira, Port, and Sherry; not to omit some *beautiful* old rum, which, with the aid of good lemons, limes, and iced water, was converted, by the skilful hands of the Glasgow connoisseurs, into equally beautiful rum punch. Some gentlemen, who went ashore after dinner, preferred Tobermory whiskey, and returned quite loquacious in its praise. The crops in Mull are far advanced, and generally excellent. There is, indeed, throughout the whole of the western islands, every prospect of an abundant harvest. I never

saw more luxuriant crops of potatoes, which are here extensively cultivated. We left Tobermory on Monday morning, at five o'clock, having remained at anchor for thirteen hours, and proceeded round the western point of the island, towards Staffa. The wind, however, had been blowing so strong from the west during the night, that, on nearing the island, a heavy surf was found beating, and the pilot declared it unsafe to take the vessel close, and quite impracticable to land the passengers on it. The ship was accordingly put about, and we proceeded on our course.

After passing the island of Rum, the weather began to clear up, and our progress along the bold and picturesque head-lands of Skye was rapid and delightful. From Dunvegan Head, we stretched across the Minch to Harris, and kept tolerably close in shore along that isle and Lewis. The afternoon was now beautifully clear and serene, and the numerous isles around Uist, &c. were distinctly seen from the ship. Numerous parties promenaded the spacious decks—several gentlemen amused themselves in shooting the various sea-fowl, of which there were considerable numbers—while chess, backgammon, whist, and picquet engaged the attention of those less interested in the romantic scenery of this wild country. At seven o'clock, p. m. we anchored at Stornoway, having run from Tobermory, a distance of 147 miles, in 14 hours. In a few minutes the village seemed to have emptied itself of its inhabitants, for every boat that could float bore groupes of men, women, and children, to behold what the greater number had never seen before, namely, a steam-vessel. Captain Oman gave orders that their curiosity should be gratified to the fullest extent. At five o'clock, on Tuesday morning, we found ourselves passing that most appropriately-named promontory Cape Wrath, the sea running tremendously high, with a light breeze in our favour from the south-west. A ceremony, similar to that observed in crossing the line, is often undergone here; but in consequence of the earliness of the hour, it was omitted.—We stood across the western entrance of the Pentland Frith, and the best test of the United Kingdom being a good sea-boat is, that, even in that deep water and heavy swell from the west, she rolled in a very trifling degree, and kept, without any pressure of steam, her rate steadily at more than ten knots an hour. We passed close under the stupendous cliffs of the island of Hoy, and, on entering Stromness Bay, discovered the beach lined with spectators, whom the novelty of a steam-vessel had attracted to the shore. As at Tobermory and Stornoway, the United Kingdom was in a few minutes crowded with visitors,—and besides the common people of the town, several parties of ladies and gentlemen came on board, and expressed themselves very highly delighted with the splendour of the ship and the extent of accommodation it afforded. The passengers went on shore, and the whole stock of gloves, of a manufacture peculiar to the place, was soon purchased. A most extensive manufactory of straw bonnets is established here, and the specimens I saw were much more beautiful than any Leghorn. They are in great demand, and sell as high as £4 on the spot. Rye, when sown very thick, and on rather poor soils, produces the straw most valued for this manufacture. I must not forget to mention the poor fisherman of Stromness, who, you will recollect, was, along with his wife and a boy, driven out to sea in a small skiff, and almost miraculously preserved. We brought them with us from Greenock, and their story made a deep impression on us all. Nearly £6 was collected and given them, for which they appeared most grateful. It will enable them to buy a new boat, and clothes for their children. The poor woman had been in very bad health before the accident, but is now quite well;—the fright, she says, has cured her. We left Stromness at five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, and saw the tide in the Pentland Frith in great perfection. A small sloop, under all its canvas, with a slight breeze [illegible] was carried round and round, and even the United Kingdom did not steer with that precision which she did in higher seas. When off Wick, we encountered the herring fleet, consisting, as we calculated, of nearly 2000 boats. It presented by far the most animated and interesting picture of British enterprise and industry I ever saw. The boats stretched from the bay at Wick to where we were, a distance of nearly six miles, the space being completely filled with them. The number of seamen engaged in the fishing at this station is supposed to be 12,000, and it gives employment, for several months in the year, to upwards of 20,000 men, women, and children, at Wick and the neighbourhood. We hailed a boat, and were told that the fishing last week had been tolerably successful, but that on Monday night very little was done. I need not detail our voyage farther. I close this long letter by telling you that, after travelling 750 miles, in 73 hours, excluding stoppages, I landed at Newhaven at 7 p. m., delighted with my trip, and greatly pleased with the many intelligent and agreeable companions the voyage had made me acquainted with.

LOSS OF THE MARIA MAIL BOAT, WITH THE METHODIST MISSIONARIES ON BOARD.

The following account of this melancholy affair, which occurred in the night of the 28th of February last, is narrated by Mrs. Jones, who was the only survivor of the unfortunate individuals left on the wreck of the vessel:—

"After they left Montserrat on Monday evening, they had to pass through a most fearful night. The wind blew very hard, and the sea was unusually heavy. The day following was one of a very distressing description, but towards sunset they were fast approaching the island of Antigua. The captain was aware of the dangerous reefs, rocks, and sands, which lie in such fearful numbers at the mouth of St. John's harbour, and endeavoured to avoid them. The missionaries were on deck expressing their joy at the prospect of supping and sleeping ashore; and the children below were singing in the cabin, in imitation of their fathers, and playing around their mothers. About seven o'clock an alarm was spread suddenly through the vessel by the cry of 'breakers a-head! breakers a-head!' The helm was instantly put down, and the mainsail lowered, but the vessel missed stays twice (a most unusual thing with her,) and before she wore round, she struck on the south end of the Weymouth, a dangerous reef, to leeward of the Sandy Island (a long bank to the S. W. of St. John's harbour.) The missionaries now rushed towards the cabin to seize their wives, their little ones, and their servants. The mothers and servants snatched up the children, and rushed through the pouring flood, which was now fast filling the vessel, to the missionaries on deck. The scene was indescribable! The vessel fell on her side and filled directly. The sailors cut away her mast, and she righted a little. They cast out the anchor, and let out the chain cable, which caused the vessel to hang a little more securely on the rocks, whilst the sea beat over her in the most terrific manner. All the passengers and crew now hung upon the bulwarks and rails of the quarter-deck, up to their middle in water. Soon after she struck, the boat washed overboard, with George Lambert, a free black seaman, in it. The mate, Mr. Newbold, jumped after it, and happily for himself, reached it. They endeavoured to bring her back to the wreck, but could not, and were driven away to sea. In the situation just stated the passengers remained nearly one hour, calling on Him who alone could save them, and endeavouring to comfort themselves and each other with the prospect of a blissful eternity, when the waist of the vessel gave way, and precipitated all who were clinging to the rails of the quarter-deck into the sea; viz. Mr. and Mrs. White, with their three children, Mr. and Mrs. Truscot, and child, two servants, and Mrs. Jones. Mr. Jones being next to his wife, saw her desperate situation, and made an effort to lay hold of her, in which he providentially succeeded, and drew her up so far that she got hold of the part of the wreck on which he hung, and was saved. The children, as they floated on the surface of their watery grave, cried much, but the brethren and their wives calmly met their death.

"The captain now exhorted all who were still on the wreck to come nearer to her head, as she was fast breaking up, and that part of her was likely to hold together longest, adding 'hold on if you possibly can until the morning, and then we shall be seen from Goat Hill Battery, and be rescued.' With this advice they were enabled to comply, though with considerable difficulty. The sea was tremendous, and the night dark! Wave followed wave in quick succession, and they had frequently but just recovered their breath from the past wave when the next took it from them again. At length the wished-for morning arrived, but, alas! it was not to be the morning of deliverance to them. They made the best signals of distress they could, but they were not seen. They on the wreck could see people walking on shore, but no one saw them, there was so little for the naked eye to distinguish them from the reef, and the waves ran high. Vessels and boats passed at some distance during the day, and they unitedly and with one voice endeavoured to hail them; but the beating of the sea on the rocks drowned their voices, so that they could not be heard. Two of the crew died this day on the wreck exhausted. Night again came on apace, and soon enveloped them in all its dreariest gloom. Seated on a piece of the wreck; up to their breasts in water; without a crumb of bread, or a drop of water having passed through their lips; the sea very rough, and the waves passing over them, each wave threatening immediate death! In this condition they held to each other. If one ventured to sleep a little, another watched lest the waves should sweep him away. It was a night like the last, full of horror. When day appeared, it was welcomed with praise to God that their eyes were permitted to see it, and with prayer that it might be the day of rescue. Vessels and boats passed again, but they were not seen. Some time after noon, this day (Thursday) Mr. Hillier said he thought he could swim ashore, and thus, by the blessing of God, rescue himself, and be the happy instrument of saving them. He struck off well, but in about ten minutes sunk. One or two of the sailors also attempted to reach the shore on pieces of the wreck, but failed. Thus the survivors passed through another day of sorrows.

"The bodies of some of the sufferers were seen floating to-day; and the rain fell in showers around them; but Mrs. Jones says, eagerly as they wished it, only one slight shower fell on them. She put out her tongue, and caught a few drops of rain, which refreshed her, for which she felt thankful to God. Night now approached once more, but with every appearance of its being the last, for the joints of the piece of wreck on which they were began to open fast, and there was every appearance of its soon falling in pieces and putting an end to all their affliction; however, they were spared to see another day. The sea was much calmer to-day (Friday) than it had before been, and about noon, Mr. Oke said he would endeavour to swim ashore. Mrs. Jones was asleep when he made the attempt, but was informed afterwards by Mr. Jones, that he was drowned soon after he got into the water, being too weak to swim far. Mrs. Jones was seated on what are called the bitts; her husband was beside her with his head leaning on her shoulder, while her hand held him by the collar. He began to lose the use of his legs, and his wife called the captain to help her to raise them if possible out of the water. The captain made the effort, but was too weak to come to her help. Not long afterwards he died, with his head leaning upon Mrs. Jones. She called to the captain, but received no answer, for he, too, poor man, was dying. For a few minutes she held the remains of her husband to her breast; but soon a wave washed him from her unnerved arms, and he fell at her feet. For a few seconds she saw the body floating, and then fell into a state of insensibility. In this state she remained until rescued by Mr. Kentish and Mr. Ashford, two gentlemen, who hearing of the wreck through an American captain, went quickly to her relief. That she lives is a great wonder. She says, that it appears to her as if boats saw them three times. They pulled or sailed towards them a considerable way, and their hopes on such occasions were strongly excited. They now rejoiced over approaching deliverance; but, alas! it was joy of but short continuance, for they all either turned back, or passed them unobserved. I asked her, if she thought the missionaries, who attempted to swim ashore, would have lived had they remained on the wreck, and she believes not. The captain, she says, was much stronger in appearance than Mr. Oke, on Friday morning, and yet he died; and she believes that had she not drank salt water that day, she must have died also."

A *singular phenomenon* has been observed in the river Deben, between Woodbridge and the sea. Eels to a great extent, in respect both to number and size, have died. The oldest fisherman of this port and river recollect nothing like it. The ferryman at Woodbridge declares, that he has himself seen dead, on different days within the last fortnight, "a tumbril load, some as big as his oar, and a yard long or more." He adds, that for some days previous to the last spring tides, "the water and air stunk with them." The late high tides carried them away. Some hogs, lower down, are said to have made early discovery of this savoury banquet. They are described as exhibiting a ludicrous scene, running about with an immense eel dangling from their mouths; chased, perhaps, by their envious messmates, or two or more tugging at an unfortunate individual. One gentleman states that he counted, on the Sutton bank of the river, opposite Woodbridge, seventy-five dead eels, in the space of a few yards. An unusual mortality among the same fish has been recently observed also on the Orwell. The cause of this occurrence is not known. No gas machinery, nor any thing whatever connected with deleterious matter exists near the course of the Deben.—*Bury Post.*

Discovery of Rare British Plants.—The *Cistus Surrejanus* has been found this year on the boarders of a wood on the Addington Hills, near Croydon, by Mr. W. Christy, jun. who has also found abundantly, in the same locality, another plant, not generally admitted to a place in the British Flora, namely, *Dianthus barbatus.*

Poetry.

THE FATALIST,
A POEM IN THREE CANTOS.

CANTO FIRST.

Alas! that love should ever bring
Sorrow and pain upon his wing,
To make young hearts that else were light
The sepulchre of grief and blight,
To light the cheek and radiant brow
With health's bright, softest, purest glow,
Although beneath there lurks the spell
Which e'en the bearer might not tell,
To light the wild and brilliant eye
With semblance of an outward joy,
And then, when none that eye can see,
Steep it in tears of misery.
Yet such is love, for on his wing
He often bears a deadly sting,
More rancorous, because the eye
May revel in its brilliancy;
And never deem when gazing on
A thing that seems so heavenly fair,
That all its hues can change to one
Dark spot, which leaves keen misery there.

On a lone couch his form was laid,
And o'er his manly features play'd
A ghastly smile; his long dark hair
Cluster'd in glossy ringlets fair;
The glance of his dark falcon eye,
You ne'er again could pass him by;
But you would shun the piercing look,
Your eye in vain might strive to brook;
For that deep gaze before you brought
An almost endless time of thought,—
A thought on which you would not dwell,
But could not shun its witching spell;
Still would you look but could not bear
His feelings deadly gaze to share;
Yet could not shun the glance which made
Your very inmost soul afraid;
For 'neath his silken lid there dwelt
Thoughts which before were never felt;
A something of a fiendish mind,
With feelings dark and undefined.

* * * * *

"I have been one, who, in my youth,
Have had strange wild imaginings;
For I, ere manhood's age, in sooth,
Have felt unutterable things;
Such ne'er was felt by other men,
And never will be felt again.

"Above all things I could not bear
The company of man to share,
But always strove to be alone,
And make companionship my own;
And then it suited best my mind,
For thoughts dark, fearful, undefined,
Would crowd together on my brain;
And with them brought a sickening pain:
And then 'twas pleasant far to be
From prying eyes—at least, to me.

"Stern nature suited me when all
Was dreadful as death's sable pall:
I lov'd to see the shivered rock,
When riven by the tempest's shock;
'Twas sweet to wander on the shore,
And list the ocean's dreadful roar;
When ruin strode with dusky form
The wild and desolating storm;
When whirlwinds dark were riding high,
And not one star had gemmed the sky;
And meteor's blaze, with fitful gleam,
Athwart the murky gloom would stream:
And I companionship could make
By ocean wave or glassy lake;
I lov'd to see the rippling wave,
The silvery shining pebbles lave,
When each fair star was shining bright,
And looking a spirit of light.
But most I lov'd the mountain glen,
Far from the haunts of other men;
For there I could indulge a mood
Which suited best the solitude.

"And I at times have felt a pain
Come o'er my labouring heart and brain;
Unutterable pain, which brought
Before mine eyes a horrid thought,
That caused me oftentimes to weep:
That inward pang was so intense,
I could not tell for what or whence
It came, yet still it would intrude,
But oftenest in my joyous mood,
And then mine eyes in tears would steep.
I felt that I must do a deed,
For which my very soul would bleed;
And that dark thought within my breast
Would ne'er in quiet let it rest:
As foams the deep river,
When rolling to ocean,
Darkly running over,
With horrid commotion;
So burns the quick and fiery breast,
When nursing a dark silent pain,
Which never will from thence depart,
And cools not, but to burn again;
Nor words can paint, nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell.
And I have felt that damning pain,
Which scorched and seared my youthful brain;
That on my brow has left a trace,
Which time could never yet efface,
Nor ever will, till life and light
Have left my dim and aching sight,
When I shall sleep in double gloom,
Within the silent, sullen tomb. W. R.

Manchester.

LAW AND WAR.

At a late meeting under a commission of bankrupt, at Andover, between Mr. Fleet and Mr. Mann, both respectable solicitors of that town, some disagreement arose, which ended in the former sending the latter a challenge, to which the following poetic answer was returned:

TO KINGSTON FLEET, ESQ.

"I am honour'd this day, Sir, with challenges two,
The first from friend Langdon, the second from you;
As the one is to *fight*, and the other to *dine*,
I accept *his* 'engagement,' and your's must decline.

"Now, in giving this pref'rence, I trust you'll admit
I have acted with prudence, and done what was fit,
Since, encountering *him*, and my weapon a knife,
There is some little chance of *preserving* my life,
Whilst a bullet from you, Sir, *might* take it away,
And the maxim, you know, is to live while you may.

"If, however, you still should suppose I ill-treat you
By sternly rejecting this challenge to meet you,
Bear with me a moment, and I will adduce
Three powerful reasons, by way of excuse:

"In the first place, unless I am grossly deceived,
I myself am in conscience the party aggrieved;
And therefore, good Sir, if a challenge *must* be,
Pray wait till that challenge be *tender'd* by *me*.

"Again, Sir, I think it by far the more sinful,
To stand and be shot, than to sit for a skinful;
From whence you'll conclude (as I'd have you, indeed)
That fighting composes not part of my creed—
And my courage (which though it was never disputed,
Is not, I imagine, too, too deeply rooted)
Would prefer that its fruit, Sir, whate'er it may yield,
Should appear at '*the table*,' and not in '*the field*.'

"And, lastly, *my life*, be it never forgot,
Posseses* a value which *your's*, Sir, does not;
So I mean to preserve it as long as I can,
Being justly entitled 'a family *Man*,'
With three or four children (I scarce know how many)
Whilst *you*, Sir, have not, or *ought* not to have any.

"Besides that, the contest would be too unequal,
I doubt not will plainly appear by the sequel;
For e'en *you* must acknowledge it would not be meet
That one small '*Mann* of War' should engage a whole *Fleet*.'

"*Andover, July* 24, 1826."

* Mr. Fleet is a bachelor, or, at all events, a single man.

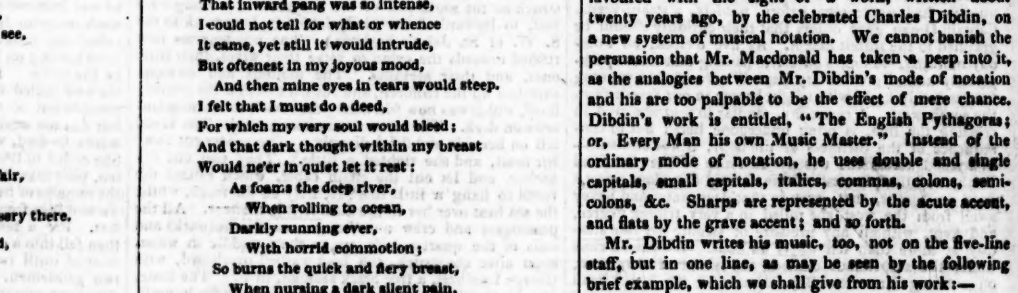
PROPOSED CHANGES IN THE NOTATION OF MUSIC.

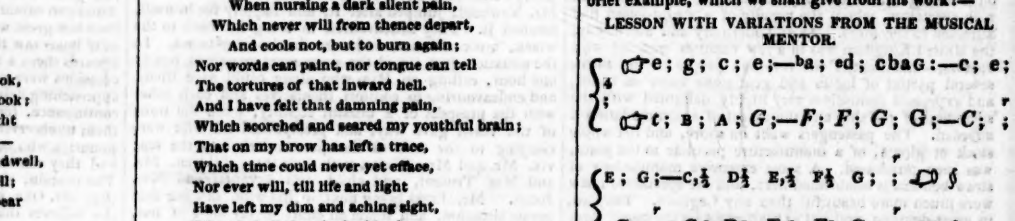
(Continued from the Kaleidoscope of August 1.)

Since we wrote our remarks last week, we have been favoured with the sight of a work, written about twenty years ago, by the celebrated Charles Dibdin, on a new system of musical notation. We cannot banish the persuasion that Mr. Macdonald has taken a peep into it, as the analogies between Mr. Dibdin's mode of notation and his are too palpable to be the effect of mere chance. Dibdin's work is entitled, "The English Pythagoras; or, Every Man his own Music Master." Instead of the ordinary mode of notation, he uses double and single capitals, small capitals, italics, commas, colons, semicolons, &c. Sharps are represented by the acute accent, and flats by the grave accent; and so forth.

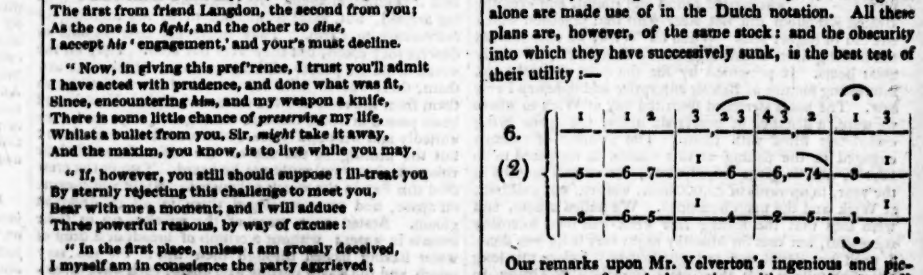
Mr. Dibdin writes his music, too, not on the five-line staff, but in one line, as may be seen by the following brief example, which we shall give from his work:—

LESSON WITH VARIATIONS FROM THE MUSICAL MENTOR.





There is reason to believe, that neither Dibdin nor Mr. Macdonald can be considered the inventors of the modes of notation, the adoption of which they recommend. Musical short hand, by which letters, figures, and other typographical symbols supersede the ordinary method, seem to have been known in former ages, and in many countries. Independent of the specimens we have given from Rousseau and Dibdin, a work on the subject has been printed in Holland, and a copy of it is now before us. We are ignorant of Dutch; but it is easy to perceive that this work is a collection of psalm tunes. It will be seen, by the fragment which we subjoin, that figures alone are made use of in the Dutch notation. All these plans are, however, of the same stock: and the obscurity into which they have successively sunk, is the best test of their utility:—



Our remarks upon Mr. Yelverton's ingenious and picturesque plan of musical notation, with a specimen, shall positively appear in our next.

Correspondence.

RECOVERY OF DROWNED PERSONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—That air which has been once taken into the lungs is unfit for respiration, until mixed with the unconfined air of the atmosphere, is an opinion generally received; and in perusing some remarks on the subject of recovering persons apparently drowned, I was struck with the treatment there recommended; and, though inflating the lungs certainly is the best, and, indeed, the only way to proceed, in order to revive any person in that state, yet, should the above opinion be correct, it must be improper to inflate the lungs by breathing down the nostrils, or into the mouth, as the atmospheric air being deprived of its vital part, by having been inhaled, is incapable of purifying the venous blood, and will rather tend to suspend than to restore animation. It is very desirable that the best method of proceeding were known by all, as that knowledge would be the means of saving many lives; and it is my opinion that the remarks which appeared in the *Kaleidoscope* of the 18th ult. are much *à-propos*, with the exception of what I now point out. It may be objected, that a single respiration of atmospheric air may not take from it all its life-supporting principle, and in this respect may be different from confined air (breathing which, it is well known, produces insensibility;) but even once inhaling must deprive it of a great portion of vital air, and, consequently, it is not so fit to be forced into the lungs in a case of suspended animation, as the uninhaled or undecomposed air of the atmosphere. Therefore, I should think it better to procure bellows, or other proper apparatus, even with a short delay, than to breathe into the nostrils or mouth; but the delay should be as short as possible, as the utmost promptitude is necessary, or every endeavour may be futile. —Hoping that this may meet the eye of some more skilled individual than myself, who will not think the subject unworthy of his attention, I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Liverpool, August 8, 1826. J. H. D.

TO BUILDERS & OTHERS WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

GENTLEMEN,—It would ill become me, at a season like the present one, were I not to remind you of the impropriety of the present mode of building, and the great danger that ultimately awaits such a system. It has repeatedly occurred to me, on passing through the principal streets of this town, where building is carried on to an almost unlimited extent, that the proper authorities have not exercised their power over the workmen. Bricks ought never, in such a season as the present one, to be put together without being previously dipped in water, or having had water thrown upon them; and they ought never to be used immediately after they are taken from the kiln, as is too often practised in this and other towns. Bricks, dipped in water, are absolutely necessary; because, if there is any limestone in the heart of the brick, the moisture absorbed by the clay will cause the brick to burst; and this is the only and best way of trying the materials a brick is made of. There is another advantage attending it; it will cause the mortar to adhere to the bricks, which is the principal point now under consideration in the present time. Bricks are taken out of the hot sun, piled upon each other with a bed of mortar (nearly all sand) three quarters, and even an inch thick. Now, it is a thing impossible for a building to stand after being put together in such a way. Mortar will never adhere to anything of a dry or hot nature. Mortar ought to be in the proportion of one part of lime to two of sand, and well trodden; no more mortar should be used on their beds than is absolutely necessary. Walls of large dimensions ought to be grouted every fourth or fifth course, with fresh burnt lime and good sharp sand; and no part of a building ought to be carried up above another, but the whole gradually carried up together. Buildings intended to bear large burdens ought never to have their walls carried up more than two or three feet each day; and it is the greatest folly imaginable to employ more workmen than is necessary to carry the building up in a gradual manner. I have known repeated injuries to be done by employing too many men at one building. I recommend a few days to be allowed between each story, after the timbers are laid, for the proper settlement of the brickwork; and I have no hesitation in saying that, if the plan I have recommended be strictly attended to, our posterity will find as great difficulties to encounter in pulling down our works, as many of you have experienced in pulling down the old buildings of this town. J. B., Architect.

Walton Breck, Aug. 10, 1826

INSCRIPTION FOR THE BUST OF SHAKSPEARE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LIVERPOOL MERCURY.

GENTLEMEN,—I should be obliged to any of your correspondents for a translation into English verse of the following prose inscription, which I have written for the bust of your immortal Shakspeare. As you have amongst your contributors, poets, who perfectly understand the French language, (if I may judge by the elegant translations of the pieces I have sent you,) I flatter myself you will find little difficulty in procuring me this favour.—I am, Gentlemen, yours, respectfully, DE LA CLAVERIE.

Liverpool, August 7, 1826.

Inscription pour le Buste de Shakspeare.

Par son génie sublime, son imagination créatrice, et sa profonde connoissance du cœur humain, l'inculte Shakespeare est la gloire de l'Angleterre, et l'orgueil de la nature.

Scientific Records.

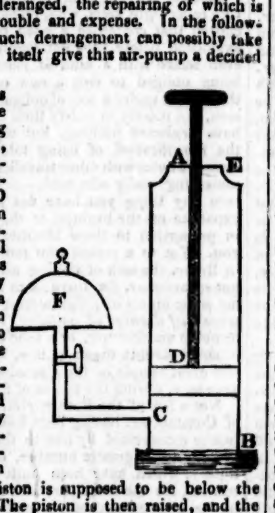
Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; List of Patents.

IMPROVED AIR PUMP.—We copy the following important article from the *Annals of Philosophy*. It has long been a desideratum to construct an air-pump without artificial valves, as the valve renders it impossible to form a perfect vacuum. Mr. Ritchie's simple mode of forming his machine may be original; but we are almost confident that Mr. Richard Dalton, who has so often lectured here, succeeded, many years ago, in producing an air-pump without artificial valves.—*Edit. Kal.*

ON AN AIR PUMP, WITHOUT ARTIFICIAL VALVES.

By W. Ritchie, A.M. Rector of Tain Academy.

In the common construction of the air-pump the valves are very liable to be deranged, the repairing of which is attended with much trouble and expense. In the following construction no such derangement can possibly take place, which must of itself give this air-pump a decided advantage.



The machine consists of a barrel shut at the lower end, and having a small aperture at C, forming a free communication with the receiver F; the piston D is solid, and stuffed in the usual way. The piston rod works in a small stuffing box at A, so as to render it completely air-tight. There is a small aperture at E in the top of the barrel, to allow the air to make its escape when the piston is raised. This air-pump may be worked in the usual way, or by the method of continued motion. In commencing the exhaustion of the receiver, the piston is supposed to be below the small aperture at C. The piston is then raised, and the air which occupied the barrel is forced out through the aperture at E. The point of one of the fingers is applied to the perforation, in the same manner as in playing the German flute. The air easily passes by the finger, which, when the piston begins to descend, shuts the opening, and completely prevents the entrance of the external air. The piston is again forced down below the opening C, the air in the receiver rushes into the barrel, and is again expelled by the ascending piston.

Since the air in the receiver has no valve to open by its elasticity, it is obvious that there is no limit to the degree of exhaustion, as in the common construction.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[From the Liverpool Courier.]

	Barometer at noon.	Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Aug.									
2	29 85	55	0	63½	0	70½	0	E.	Cloudy.
3	29 80	60	0	66	0	72½	0	N.W.	Fair. Very sul-
4	29 85	55	0	62	0	71	0	E.S.E.	Rain. [try.
5	29 86	56	0	65	0	69½	0	S.E.	Fair.
6	29 93	61	0	64	0	69	0	N.W.	Cloudy.
7	30 10	61½	0	63½	0	68½	0	W.N.W.	Fair.
8	29 93	62	0	64	0	72	0	W.	Fair.

2d,—From 6, a.m. to 8, a.m. stormy, with thunder and lightning.

The Bouquet.

THE JANISSARIES.

You are, doubtless, apprized, through the medium of our legation, of the events of which Constantinople has been the theatre. They have been long silently in preparation, and the origin of a plan is traced, so far as fifteen years back, if not of abolishing, at least of very considerably modifying, the corps of the Janissaries. The influence of Hussein determined the execution of this project, so necessary to the safety of the empire. It is said, that Hussein, who is chief of the troops on the European side of the Straits, had taken steps to that effect, with Reschid Effendi, the agent of the Pacha of Egypt, who lately returned from the Morea, and who has had several conferences with Hussein since his arrival. It is added, that the capture of Missolonghi, and the recent victories in Greece completed, decided the Divan no longer to delay the measure. Hussein is an extremely determined man, much beloved in the country by the populace; and his presence was considered as a pledge of success, which, with the Turks, who are all fatalists, was a great matter. Besides, Hussein is by no means a barbarian; he has very much of the manners of an European, has commanded for a long time in the artillery (*tabschi*), which has been organized by the Sultan, after the European fashion. The agent of the Pacha of Egypt is said to be a renegade Christian, a very clever man, as are almost all the men who serve under the Pacha. He has distinguished himself in the Morea. It is said, also, but this is a mere report, that some of the embassies where informed of the intended movement, and far from in any way opposing it, they favoured it as far as they could. The Janissaries you know, form a corps of 50 ortas, which ought to give a formidable army; but, in point of fact, the greater part of the Janissaries enrolled are never present, and have joined this band merely for the sake of the privileges attached to it. The present Grand Vizier has himself very greatly favoured this abuse, and, for the purpose of weakening the strength of the body, children of nine or ten, and bowed down old men, have been inscribed on the lists, and not unfrequently also, Janissaries, in the vigour of life, have performed none of the duties imposed on the corps, except appearing at a few reviews, and even in these cases they are not unfrequently represented by persons whom they pay for the purpose, taken from the dregs of the people, chiefly the porters.

At the same time that these things were being tolerated, the Grand Vizier was every day augmenting the numbers of the *tabschi*, who, as we observed, are organized *à l'Européene*, and formed, as it is well known, only some fifteen years ago. The number of these troops six months ago, according to lists of which duplicates have been procured by some of the Ambassadors, amounted to 14,000 effective. It was naturally to be expected that, sooner or later, discord would burst forth between two corps who had been, as it were, set in opposition to each other, for the purpose of mutual observation. Although the Janissaries are extremely ignorant, it was very easy for them to perceive that this band, on the other side of the Straits, had been formed for the purpose of opposing them. Some of their officers even learned that the name of the Sultan had been inserted at the head of the roll of the *tabschi*, an honour hitherto exclusively conferred on the Janissaries. Murmurs even burst forth not unfrequently at the periods when they received the money for their pay; and, on their side, the *tabschi*, who had a presentiment of their future destination, never fell in with one of their adversaries without some menace or quarrel arising. The discipline to which they were subjected scarcely restrained the pride of this new soldiery. The first care of the Porte was to engage the Aga of the Janissaries in their interest. This object was not of difficult attainment. The Aga, who is the chief captain of the Janissaries, is very nearly what in France we term a *Maréschal de Service*, nominated by the Sultan, on the presentation of the Grand

Mufti; he seldom quits the seraglio, and the Sultan has him ever at his hand to transmit his orders to the sacred band. Meanwhile, it was necessary to wait for one of those events that make an impression on the populace. The taking of Missolonghi, the success of the Pacha of Egypt, which was due to the well-directed valour of his disciplined troops, showed more clearly to the Porte the advantages of a modification in the rebellious and utterly useless corps of the Janissaries. Advantage was taken of this moment, to issue the decree which was to unite the fifty ortas of Janissaries to the *Tabschi*, and to subject them to the same military discipline.

It is said that, previous to taking this important step, the Ottoman Porte wished to be assured, if not of the active assistance, of at least the consent and friendship of the European powers, and to this is attributed the prompt acceptance of the Russian *ultimatum*. In point of fact, it is by no means the practice of the Porte to treat with promptitude, and if it be noticed that the acceptance of the Russian *ultimatum* coincides with the taking of Missolonghi, an event which naturally ought to have raised the hopes and heated the fanaticism of the Turks, it will be easily perceived that some great consideration was necessary to determine the Turks.

However this may be, scarcely had the decree for the union been proclaimed than the greatest discontent was displayed by the whole band of Janissaries. In the night of the 14th, 15th, the insurrection broke forth. The Janissaries in actual service, both young and old, went in the morning forthwith to the palace of their Aga; multitudes were pressed together in the narrow streets of Constantinople. Even from the suburbs of Pera we heard the cries of these rioters, and the heads of the several embassies caused the gates of the Christian quarter to be shut. In the palace of the Aga there was nobody but a few women with their slaves around them, and the mother of the Aga had shut herself up in a *kiosk* at the bottom of the gardens: the house was pillaged, and the women very ill treated. The Janissaries then proceeded to the house of Redschid Pacha, agent of the Pacha of Egypt; Redschid and the Aga had retired to the gardens of the seraglio. The Janissaries, still unsuccessful, next marched to the palace of the Grand Vizier, which they destroyed from top to bottom—that minister was with the Sultan. They still continued their march, and after having pillaged and burnt the palaces of all whom they suspected as favourable to the reform, they proceeded, by the narrow lanes which surround it, to the square of Eilmodin, which has been at all times the rendezvous of the Janissaries when in revolt.

In the seraglio were now assembled, the Grand Vizier, the Mufti, the principal Ulemas, the Aga, Hussein, and Redschid; and, as is suspected, some of the European agents, who, it is said, made part of the assemblage. After the prayers usual on such occasions, the Sultan, with much courage, ordered the standard of Mahomet to be hoisted, which is a sort of appeal to all faithful Mussulmen. At this signal a number of the faithful assembled near the gardens: Hussein Pacha took the command. Immediately a proclamation of the Sultan called on the rebels to lay down their arms; they refused, and demanded, in turn, that all changes, which for some years past had been introduced into military matters, should be abolished, and, as a guarantee, they demanded the heads of the Grand Vizier, of the Aga, of Hussein, and of Redschid. Scarcely was this haughty demand made, than Hussein, at the head of the Mussulmen who were assembled round the Palace, charged the rebels, at the same time that Redschid Effendi charged them with the European disciplined troops.

The Janissaries made very little resistance. For a long time past they have only been strong from the weakness of the Government. They retired in the greatest disorder, and were pursued to their barracks, which were soon demolished by the artillery. Three thousand of them perished in the course of the day. From Pera we could perceive the flames amidst clouds of smoke. The heat of the day was excessive, and although our streets are somewhat broader than in other parts of Constantinople, and were covered in, they were hardly bearable. Tranquillity was not disturbed in our quarter for an instant, and the French flag was up the whole time.

On the following day, the 16th, and also the 17th, the Mufti and Ulemas were occupied, by the Sultan's order, in trying the rebels. They were declared traitors to religion and the empire. A great number of them were beheaded. A proclamation was then issued to the following effect:—"It is ordered this day, by our glorious Sovereign and Master, Mahmoud (from whom may God keep all evil) that the corps of rebels (the Janissaries) shall be dissolved forthwith, its name erased from the records of the empire, and no body of troops shall hereafter bear it. The new troops shall be called Askeri-Muhamedise. The faithful Hussein-Pacha is invested with the supreme command of them."

The Palace of the Grand Vizier having been entirely destroyed, that minister has taken up his quarters under tents in the first court of the seraglio. The new troops were at the same time exercised there before him.

The garrison of the castles of the Bosphorus, composed of Jamaks, has submitted, and had no hand in the revolt of the Janissaries; but, as they are, nevertheless, violently opposed to the introduction of the European exercise, it is not impossible that some change will be made with regard to them. Hussein Pacha has been appointed Seraskier, or Generalissimo of the troops of the empire, and has taken up his quarters in the old seraglio. The hotel of the Aga of the Janissaries has been given to the Mufti. All the humals (porters), who are enrolled, as Janissaries, and who almost always joined in their insurrections, have been sent into Asia. Their chief has been beheaded. The body of watermen have been served in the same manner.—*Quotidienne.*

The Traveller.

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.

No. XVI.—(Concluded from page 7.)

(From the Leeds Mercury.)

ROME (continued)—CHURCHES—ST. JOHN LATERAN—ST. PAUL'S—SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE—WORSHIP—INDULGENCES—SERMONS—PRIESTS—JESUITS—CEREMONY OF TAKING THE VEIL.

I have mentioned the palaces as being the greatest ornament of Rome, but they are far from being so prominent a feature of the city as the *churches*. The number of the latter is immense, being about three hundred and forty, though the population is not more than a hundred and thirty-five thousand. Of these churches from fifty to sixty are indicated in the guide-books as *particularly* worthy of notice, and a tremendous task it is to the great majority of travellers to get through the list. It is quite amusing to hear the self-gratulations of an Englishman after a day of church-visiting, when he returns to his hotel, fagged with exertion, weary of admiring, his appetite palled with continually repeated altars, cupolas, paintings, and marbles, and blessing his stars that he has that day "knocked off" so many churches. I have known some very eager sight seers, who, on entering Italy, ran to every church that contained a good picture or marble, utterly exhausted before they got through those of Rome, and even seized with a kind of loathing at the bare idea of being obliged to visit a new one. For travellers feel themselves under a sort of obligation to see all that is to be seen, not merely to satisfy their own consciences that they have neglected nothing, but more particularly to avoid the mortification of being told afterwards, when they compare notes with other travellers, that they have omitted something really admirable—finding that a man who has seen any thing you have not seen has a propensity to expatiate on the beauties of that particular object, as if in proportion to those beauties was his advantage over you. Yet to a person who remains two or three months in Rome, the task of visiting all these churches is really not so arduous, for there is in fact scarcely one that has not some object of great interest to recommend it,—either some *chef d'œuvre* of painting, or fine piece of sculpture, or noble architecture, or a relic of antiquity, or the tomb of an illustrious man; in fine, some offering dedicated at this great temple of the Catholic world, by genius or by grandeur, during the course of fifteen centuries.

Not a few of the Roman churches date from the time of Constantine, having been heathen temples or courts of justice consecrated by him to the Christian worship; and there is a still greater number, of nearly as high an antiquity, which have been built out of the ruins of older edifices, for the most part with a deplorable want of taste in the arrangement of the materials. In some you see fine ranges of marble columns, that have evidently adorned a prior and more splendid structure, as in the Basilica of *St. Paul out of the walls*, which was built out of the spoils of the Mausoleum of Adrian, and which was reduced to ruin, with the greater part of its columns, by fire, about two years ago. The naves of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, *S. Sabina*, and *S. Martino in Monte*, with some others, are also formed by noble ranges of pillars taken from ancient temples. But a larger class, of which *S. Lorenzo out of the walls*, *S. Maria in Ara-coeli*, and *S. Maria Trastevere* are specimens, contain rows of pillars, which are excessively ugly, from their inequality and disproportion, being often of different materials, different thickness, and crowned with capitals which neither match each other nor fit the shaft. I have seen half a dozen kinds of columns and capitals in a single range; large shafts are cut down, and small ones patched, and the architects seem to have clapped on the capitals as they came to hand, with a barbarous indifference to styles and orders.

One of the largest and most magnificent churches of Rome, as well as the highest in date and rank, is the Basilica of *St. John Lateran*, granted by Constantine to Pope Silvester, and held ever since as the seat of the Roman Pontificate, and the parent church of the world. It adjoins the old palace of the Lateran, long occupied by the Popes, but now deserted; and the cathedral itself is outshone by that of the Vatican, though *St. John's* preserves its rank, and no dignitary can say mass at its high altar but his Holiness himself. The front of the church is one of the most handsome and regular in Rome, and it derives from its architecture, its situation, and its junction to the Lateran palace, a magnificent effect. The interior is entirely modernized, and one of the architects to whom its repair was committed built up four rows of fine columns in square brick buttresses, the face of which he adorned with plaster pilasters! The largest obelisk in Rome stands near the church: the *Baptistery of Constantine*, a circular building, supported by immense columns of porphyry, erected by Constantine on the spot where he was baptized, is also within a few paces; and equally near is the Scala Santa, a flight of twenty-seven marble steps, said to have belonged to the house of Pilate, and to have been ascended by Christ, on which account millions of pilgrims have since mounted them on their knees, and would have worn them out long ago if they had not been covered with wood.

St. Paul's without the walls was, before the late conflagration, one of the most remarkable structures in Rome. It was built by Constantine; and ranked next to *St. John Lateran* in dignity. Unlike that church, it had undergone very little change from the time of its erection: venerable from its age, and wonderful for the number and richness of its marble and porphyry columns, it had yet a poverty of effect, owing to a naked wooden ceiling, and the meanness of other parts of the architecture. About half the columns escaped the fire; but, unfortunately, nearly all those taken from the Mausoleum of Adrian, and which were amongst the finest in existence, perished.—*Santa Maria Maggiore* is the third basilica in rank, and is, in the interior, extremely rich and elegant: the effect of its nave, formed by two long rows of marble columns of the Ionic order, is very chaste; but its immense level ceiling gives the idea of insecurity. The side chapels are gorgeous; and it was in one of them that the ceremony of the birth of Christ was represented on Christmas eve. The church has two domes and a tower; yet neither of its fronts has a fine architectural effect.

Having thus shortly noticed the most celebrated of the cathedral churches, I shall enter into no further account of the ancient structures; and of the modern churches I need merely say, that they have been erected at different times, either by orders of monks, or by rich families; and that their general character is excessive ornament, without real grandeur or elegance. Catholic churches have, however, a great advantage over Protestant ones, in their internal appearance, from the total absence of pews. A vast unencumbered pavement, generally of marble, is, in itself, a good object, and forms a base for the whole superstructure: it is in the cathedrals only of our own country that we see the fine effect of this construction. The Catholic mode of worship requires the convenience of pews less than the Protestant, there being very rarely a sermon, except in Lent; and, during the performance of mass, the worshippers either stand or kneel nearly the whole time. They have, however, small wicker-work chairs, piled up near the entrance, of which each person takes one, places it before the altar he chooses to worship at (there being generally from a dozen to twenty altars in each church) kneels upon it during his devotion, and afterwards replaces it. This plan has the advantage of making the rich and the poor equal in the house of God, as we know they are equal in his sight; and, instead of seeing one man lolling in a cushioned and curtained pew, whilst another sits on a lowly bench, you see the noble kneeling by the side of the labourer, and the best places generally occupied by old women, who come earlier and stay longer than those who are more busied in the affairs of this life. I must say that there is more outward devotion in Catholic than there is in Protestant countries. In the former an individual goes into church on Sunday, or on a week day (for the churches are open and frequented every day) and, without regarding who may be present, kneels down to his solitary prayers, or joins in the mass, as if in the presence only of his God; whereas, I am afraid it very often happens in the latter,

that an individual feels more as under the inspection of a human assembly, and would actually be ashamed to be seen praying, if he were not countenanced by the whole congregation. It may be said, on the other hand (and I believe with justice) that the Catholic ascribes to himself more merit for the performance of this duty than the Protestant; counts upon it more absolutely as an item in the sum that is to secure his salvation. There is an error, then, on either side; and it is not for me to strike the balance.

I have no desire to enter on a discussion of any of the errors of Catholicism, but there is one so forcibly obtruded upon my attention on whatever side I turn in this city, that I cannot avoid noticing it. I allude to the intimation placed over nearly every church or oratory, that indulgence is to be had there: "*Plenaria Indulgentia*" is to be seen over the church doors in every part of Italy, and not unfrequently "*Plenaria Indulgentia pro vivis et mortuis*" (Plenary Indulgence for the living and the dead.) I am aware that the Catholic doctrine of Absolution, as explained in their catechism, and as understood by most enlightened Catholics, is not so absurd as the generality of Protestants believe it to be. That doctrine is, that a sincere contrition for sin is necessary to make the absolution pronounced by the priest to have any effect: and on hearing this explanation of the doctrine, the only question that suggests itself is—Why should the priest pronounce any absolution at all?—why put the *priest*, whose feeble reason cannot tell him whether the confession he receives be sincere, or whether the absolution he gives be effectual, in the place of *God*, against whom the sin has been committed, towards whom the contrition must be felt, who alone can judge of the sincerity of repentance, and can alone follow it with pardon? *Why*, if not for some purpose of priestcraft? But I have vainly endeavoured to reconcile with the doctrine above explained, the powers assumed by the Popes to grant indulgencies for certain periods of time—for days, years, and thousands of years—and all this in return for bowing at some particular altar or consecrated object. I have already mentioned that Sixtus V. granted an indulgence of *fifteen years* to every one who made a reverence to the crosses placed on the re-erected obelisks; the Pope who consecrated the Coliseum, granted an indulgence of *two hundred years* to all who bowed at the cross raised in the centre of the arena. But both these instances are eclipsed by the generosity of three Popes who awarded indulgencies to those who visited the church of *S. Pietro in Carcere:* their decrees are recorded on a marble tablet in that church, and from the extreme singularity of the inscription I copied it. The following is the principal part of it—"*Questa Chiesa di S. Pietro in Carcere è così detta per esser stata prima il Carcere Mamertino, dove li SS. Apostoli Pietro e Paolo, per ordine di Nerone Imperatore, furono ritenuti nove mesi e più, fino al giorno del loro martirio; fu da carcere consecrata chiesa in onore de detti SS. Apostoli, da Silvestro Papa, a' preghi di Constantino Magno Imperatore, e le diede il nome di S. Pietro in Carcere, e concesse ogni giorno a chi la visitava mille e due cento anni d'indulgenza, duplicata le domeniche e feste comandate, e di più ogni giorno la remissione della terza parte de' peccati. Gregorio XIII. vi concesse Indulgenza Plenaria,*" &c. "This church of *St. Peter in Prison* is thus named from having been originally the Mamertine Prison, where the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, by order of the Emperor Nero, were confined nine months and upwards, down to the day of their martyrdom: from a prison, it was consecrated a church in honour of the said holy Apostles, by Pope Silvester, at the request of the Emperor Constantine the Great; and he gave it the name of St. Peter in Prison, and granted every day to those who visited it one thousand and two hundred years of indulgence, doubled for the Sundays and ordained feasts, and moreover every day the remission of the third part of the sins. Gregory XIII. granted here *Plenary Indulgence*," &c. And as Gregory outdid St. Silvester, by making the limited indulgence plenary, so he was in turn outdone by Pius VI. who made it not merely plenary, but perpetual. When an indulgence is granted for a long term of years, it, of course, implies that so many years of purgatory shall be remitted to the soul. But a Protestant is struck with the monstrous unreasonableness of giving a man only fifteen years' remission for bowing to a cross at one end of a street, when by entering a chapel at the other end he may have twelve hundred years. Nay, if he will pay a small sum of money, he may speedily earn as many thousand years' indulgence; and I am persuaded, from the number of alluring announcements I have seen in this city, that a sinner of moderate diligence might earn a hundred thousand years' remission any day before dinner. But suppose an individual to have neglected this simple precaution, is he to endure the purgation of fire for a hundred thousand years? Oh! no, not if he has any friend on earth charitable enough to give half a piastre to a priest, who will then pray his soul out of purgatory without delay. But if he should neither have made the reverences, nor secured any friend who will stretch a point for his sake after death, then it is certain he must abide the whole term in purgatory.

You may be curious to know if the people here actually believe in this doctrine: I am not able, satisfactorily, to answer the question; but from what I have seen and heard, I suspect that the doctrine is generally credited by the vulgar, generally disbelieved by persons of education, rarely mentioned by the priests, and little acted upon by any class. I believe the Catholics in England and France scarcely know of the wholesale indulgences to be had in Italy: I mentioned the inscription in the church of *S. Pietro in Carcere* to an English Catholic, who would not believe that I had correctly understood it, and said it was too ridiculous to be true. An Italian friend, however, who, though a man of learning and talent, firmly believes all that the church has ever pronounced, asserted, unhesitatingly, that such was the Catholic doctrine, and said that this doctrine, viz. the efficacy of the prayers of the living, in obtaining the release of souls from purgatory, was chiefly founded on two passages in the book of Maccabees.

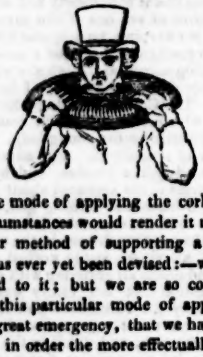
The priests atone, by the number of their sermons in Lent, for their rareness during the rest of the year. Lent has just begun, and there seems likely to be as many sermons delivered in forty days, as would serve, if distributed as in Protestant countries, for a twelvemonth: in several of the churches there is a sermon daily, and the most celebrated are those delivered in the church of the Jesuits. I have heard a few, which I take to be favourable specimens: there was in them nothing extravagant, nothing violent, and very little from which a Protestant would dissent. A text of scripture was taken, which unfortunately was given in Latin, instead of Italian, as are all the quotations made from Holy Writ, which renders them unintelligible to nineteen-twentieths of the hearers; in one case the address was more practical than doctrinal, containing a great deal of pious counsel, enforced with earnestness, yet delivered with suavity and dignity, and with an abundance of that graceful action in which the Italians excel all other nations: in another case, the preacher's object was to justify the forms and ceremonies of the church, and he endeavoured to establish that their pomp and solemnity were necessary to impress the minds of the thoughtless: he gave a few smart blows in passing to the "pretended reformers" of the church, who had in their ignorance and conceit abolished many of those important ceremonies. I have read of ridiculous scenes performed in the pulpits of Italy, such as a priest taking his black cap (which they usually wear in preaching) placing it at one end of the pulpit, and addressing it as the devil, with arguments, reproaches, and threats. Such things, I suppose, must occur, and I have no doubt a great deal of matter is often uttered which would be shocking to our ears; but of half a dozen sermons which I myself have heard, I must say, that the matter was, on the whole, good, and the manner generally admirable. Indeed, the Italians appear to me to be naturally orators; their quickness of intellect, and warmth of imagination, when aided by the advantages of education, become very conspicuous; and their clear, melodious language, drops from their lips with a beautiful distinctness—how different from the violent gutteral of the German, or the nasal chatter of the French! The priests are, for the most part, very well educated, which, of course, gives them great influence in a country where no other class possesses even respectable information: they understand perfectly that "knowledge is power," and they seem resolved to have all the knowledge and all the power to themselves. The Jesuits are in general profoundly learned, and extremely acute, as well as perfect men of the world: intended as the main props of a falling cause, in all countries, amongst the learned and the ignorant, in courts and cottages, against heresy and infidelity, under favourable and unfavourable circumstances, they are made excellent scholars and dexterous logicians; they are taught to preserve an imperturbable equanimity of temper; they are instructed to become "all things to all men." They are "wise as serpents"—I cannot add "harmless as doves."

The other day I saw a young lady of a noble family take the veil, at the church of *S. Silvester in Capite*, belonging to the principal convent in Rome. The devotee was Signora Luisa de' Marchesi Vincentini di Rieti, and the convent she entered was one in which the lady Abbess is a woman of rank, (the Countess Moroni) and none but members of noble families are admitted. I have always looked with horror on the system of immuring girls for their lives within the walls of a convent, where they are utterly cut off, not merely from the enjoyments of life, but from all intercourse with their own families, and every tender, and every social feeling stifled in their bosoms; and I have many times applauded the French, when I heard, in every town I came to, that they had suppressed all the convents and monasteries. I went, therefore, to this ceremony, expecting to find it melancholy and affecting; and how was I astonished to see one of the merriest affairs I ever witnessed! No weeping, no deep and solemn emotion on the part of the young creature, but a careless indifference, nay, a giggling mirth, as though she were preparing to "come out" into the world, instead of being about to quit it for ever. The Cardinal Zurla performed the religious ceremonies with proper solemnity, read the prayers, and gave his benediction to the young lady, who scarcely ever put on a look of seriousness. She advanced into the church, accompanied by her brothers and by her friend, the Duchess Zagarolo; she appeared about twenty years of age, was a good-humoured-looking girl, with no pretentions to beauty and little expression in her countenance: both she and her friend were dressed in the most splendid style, the robe of the victim richly worked in gold, and her hair, neck, and girdle all glittering with diamonds. I could not but think that her vanity was tickled by this display, and by the eulogiums pronounced on her high resolution. A priest was appointed to deliver a discourse on the occasion, and did it in the best possible manner: he defended the practice of monastic seclusion with great ingenuity, and with a persuasive eloquence, expatiating on the vices and vanities of that world from which she withdrew her virgin purity, on the honour and true felicity of the state which she embraced, comparing her resolution with that of the ancient sages, who lived secluded that they might cultivate wisdom, but making the motives of her seclusion far superior to theirs, calling her the bride of the Heavenly Prince, a member of the celestial court, and a special favourite of the King of kings. Yet it would require much more than his eloquence to convince me of the propriety of taking the word of a girl of twenty, and locking her up for life, a girl educated, in all probability, in the convent she is to enter, without having had a glimpse of society or of the world, *to whose family her retirement would be a great convenience, and to whose confessor it would be a great honour.* It is at least clear that such a system is open to dreadful abuses, and may be made the instrument of cruelty and fraud. It may be said, that the novice has a year of probation, after taking the white veil, and that it is only by her own free consent, and after this fair trial, that she takes the black veil, which she must wear perforce till she exchanges it for her shroud. But strong indeed must the mind of that novice be, who would dare to exercise her right of quitting the convent on the expiration of a year, after that solemn and public dedication of herself, after receiving the flaming panegyrics of the priests, and after taking farewell of her friends: it would be to expose herself to ridicule, scorn, insinuation, and perhaps oppression, which no fortitude could sustain. I am far from saying that the nuns are generally miserable, and I have no good evidence that they are generally happy; but I am firmly persuaded that girls often enter nunneries before they have known a creature of the other sex, except of their own family, and before they have stirred beyond the precincts of the convent where they were educated: that thus their seclusion is deprived of its merit, that they live in profound ignorance and superstition, vegetating, rather than passing, the life of rational beings, and certainly not answering the end for which they were brought into the world. But I am discussing the general question before finishing my account of the particular ceremony. After the address, the young Signora knelt before the Cardinal, who repeated a prayer over her: she then retired from the church, and shortly a curtain behind the altar was undrawn, which showed her to our view, through a grating, already in the charge of the Abbess, who proceeded, with the assistance of her friends, to strip her of all her finery, and invest her with the simple garb of the convent. Her hair was shorn, her jewelled head-dress was exchanged for a plain white calico veil, and her gold-wrought robe for a simple black garment. Nothing was left of her decorations except a crown of flowers, which the Cardinal had placed upon her head, and which she will wear for a week. After the ceremony was finished, she took leave of her friends, at the gate of the convent. I pressed up amongst the crowd, and saw her quite close: she was still in the same mirthful mood; but another poor girl, who had taken the veil a week before, and who, this day, appeared, for the last time, with her chaplet of flowers, and took a final adieu of her friends, had a very melancholy air. The decking of the novices with flowers forcibly reminded me of the ancient sacrifices, where the victims were similarly adorned; and the feeling of sadness which this association produced was even increased by the levity with which the devoted object advanced to the altar.

E.

The Kaleidoscope.

CORK COLLAR.



There is one mode of applying the cork collar, which in peculiar circumstances would render it more efficacious than any other method of supporting a person in the water, which has ever yet been devised:—we have already briefly adverted to it; but we are so convinced of the importance of this particular mode of application in circumstances of great emergency, that we have procured an engraving of it in order the more effectually to secure the attention of our readers.

It has frequently happened, that persons in boats, &c. have been upset in fine weather; and that those persons, who, under such circumstances, have laid hold of an oar, hencoop, or any other thing, sufficient to hold them up, have been saved,—while those who were not fortunate enough to grasp at any thing to buoy them up have been drowned, although, could they have been supported above water perhaps for a minute, or even half a minute, they would have been extricated from this peril. Now, in cases of this description, when the danger comes on so instantaneously that there is not even time to put on a cork jacket and collar, or to secure the ordinary collar by means of the strap under the arms, all that need be done is, to pass the collar over the neck, and hold it down to the shoulders by the hands, as plainly shown in the figure. A cork collar of about three pounds weight would keep any person afloat as long as he or she could retain hold in the manner here recommended; and the collar may be applied this way as expeditiously as a person can put on a hat.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

Our chess readers are requested to make the following alterations in the last two *Kaleidoscopes*, with a pen. In stating Game CII. after the words, "the black to move, and checkmate the white with the pawn," add, "in seven moves, communicated by *Iago*."

In our last *Kaleidoscope*, page 37, cross the pen entirely through the solution to CII. in twelve moves, as the checkmate can be given in seven, as here explained by the propounder, *Iago*.

Solution of Game CII. in the Kaleidoscope of Aug. 1.

BLACK.	WHITE.
1 Pawn .....E—5	1 Castle.....E—6
2 Pawn .....E—4	2 Castle.....E—5
3 Pawn .....E—3	3 Castle.....E—4
4 Pawn .....E—2	4 Castle.....E—3
5 Pawn .....E—1	5 Castle ..... H—3✕
And becomes a queen.	
6 Queen.....H—4	6 Castle .....H—7✕
7 Queen.....H—7✕	7 Pawn .....G—7✕
	MATE.

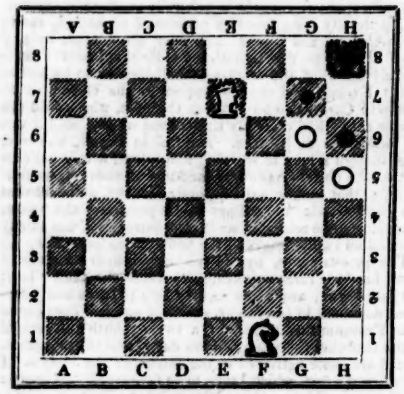
SOLUTION TO GAME CIII.

The correspondent who favoured us with this position has not communicated the solution; and although we believe we could supply it, we shall wait until we hear from him, lest our solution may not be the most expeditious. We presume that in the sequel the white has a castle and the black a knight, which constitutes a drawn game. Hereafter we shall always expect that every problem communicated by a correspondent be accompanied by the solution.

[NO. CIV.]

The white to move, and give checkmate in six moves.

Black.



WHITE.

THE KNIGHT'S MOVE AT CHESS.

(Continued from our former paper.)

The more we read respecting a general theorem regulating the Knight's move, the more we are impressed with the difficulty of completely understanding those who have written on the subject, or of rendering ourselves perfectly intelligible. We have no doubt that there is a general law by which the Knight may successively cover all the squares, from whatsoever square he sets out; but it has certainly not yet been made so easy as that "those who run may read" and understand. Under these circumstances we shall feel grateful to any correspondents who will assist us; and we do not despair, by their aid, to arrive ultimately at that simplicity which is the beauty of truth. *W. C.* whose attempt we now introduce to our readers, is of opinion that he has found the key to the mystery, and we shall, without further preamble, insert his attempt to solve it.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
8	7	18	53	30	5	16	51	28	8
7	54	31	6	17	52	29	4	15	7
6	19	8	55	60	41	62	27	50	6
5	32	43	40	63	56	59	14	3	5
4	9	20	57	42	61	38	49	26	4
3	44	33	64	39	58	25	2	13	3
2	21	10	35	46	23	12	37	48	2
1	34	45	22	11	36	47	24	1	1
	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	

WHITE.

EXPLANATION.

The first twelve moves form a circle round the board, keeping as close as possible to the edge. From No. 13 to 24 will form a second circle. At No. 25 we are obliged to approach the centre. From No. 26 to 37 is a circle exactly similar to the first, and necessarily leads towards the centre. The four next moves form a small circle within the other. The forty-second move is made to bring the knight into a convenient situation for describing his fourth and last great circle, which is from No. 43 to 54. This position is most convenient for the return of the knight from the edge to the centre, and serves to fill up a vacant corner (No. 55) which corresponds to No. 25. The remaining nine moves form no regular figure, as the space now left is too small for a circle. But they may easily be discovered and retained, if required.

The plan for beginning at a given square, and moving the knight to every one on the board, is simple. Should the given square be any one whose number in this diagram is less than 12, it is only necessary first to take the moves backwards from the given number to 1, move from 1 to 12, and proceed, as before, to No. 64; then move from 64 to 11, and back from 11 to the given number. Should the number be 12, or more than 12, move in direct order from it to 64, thence to 11, backwards from 11 to 1, thence to 12, and so on to the given number.

Ex. Gr. Given the square marked 5. The moves will be, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 12, 13, 14, &c. 64, 11, 10, 9, 8, &c. Given No. 12: then it will be, 12, 13, &c. 64, 11, 10, &c. 1. Given 50: then 50, 51, &c. 64, 11, 10, &c. 1, 12, 13, &c.

Money Bond.—"In the common transactions of the Highlanders," says Colonel Stewart, "till within no very distant period written obligations were seldom required, and although bargains were frequently concluded in the most private manner, there were few instances of a failure in, or denial of, their engagements. A gentleman of the name of Stewart agreed to lend a considerable sum of money to a neighbour. When they had met, and the money was already counted down on the table, the borrower offered a receipt. As soon as the lender heard this he immediately collected the money, saying, that a man who could not trust his own word, without a bond, should not be trusted by him, and should have none of his money, which he put up into his purse, and returned home."

Coffee.—"There came," says Evelyn, "to Baliol College, in 1637, one Nathaniel Conopios out of Greece, from Cyrill, the Patriarch of Constantinople, who, returning many years after, was made (as I understand) Bishop of Smyrna. He was the first I ever saw drink coffee, which custom came not into England till thirty years after."

To Correspondents.

ERRATA.—In the French critique, which appeared in page 40 of the last *Kaleidoscope*, two or three slight typographical inaccuracies occurred, which were immediately thus pointed out by the writer:—Deux fois le mot *syllabe* est écrit *syllabi; aguérri* pour *aguéri;* et il *faudroit* citer pour il *faudroit* citer. —This correspondent need not be so punctilious about the postage in future.

CHESS.—*J. B.* of Broughton, will perceive, from what we have observed in a preceding page, that what we wish to obtain is, an intelligible theory of the mode in which, commencing from any square, the knight may cover all the squares of the board. If we were to publish such tables as our correspondent has supplied, they would occupy too much time and space. We shall, however, re-peruse his communications on the subject.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—The letter of *Amicus Justicia* shall appear: it is in the hands of our printers; and the manuscript of both communications shall afterwards be at his service.

Scripsero's essay is also intended for immediate publication.

M'Carthy's Dream, canto second, is in a state of forwardness. We wish we could persuade the author to pay more attention to rhyme and measure. We know he may plead very high authorities as precedents for being very free and easy on these points; but we ought to imitate the good and not the bad points of men of genius. If Pope coupled *delight* with *wit*, as rhymes; Dryden, *wish* with *bliss;* Addison, *views* with *boughs;* and if Burns was very culpably negligent in his rhymes, such faults should act as a beacon to others to shun, and not to split upon. There are scarcely two words which may not be set up as pairs, if precedent is to be the criterion on such subjects. Sternhold and Hopkins try to make *caterpillar* and *grasshopper* jingle together; and Oldham puts *I* and *she* as pairs.

We have further to acknowledge, *Anon*—*T. T.*—*J. H.*

The *Betrothed* shall be given in our next.

TREATMENT OF DROWNED PERSONS.—The letter of *J. H. D.* on this important subject shall appear in both our journals.

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